

FOR THE FOXES, THE DEFAMERS, THE TAP DANCERS  
AND THE DREAMERS OF BALLET

don't feel sorry for me  
for I am a competent being  
I am a kind being.

be sorry for the others  
who  
fidget  
complain

who  
constantly  
rearrange their  
lives  
like  
furniture

juggling mates  
and  
attitudes

the malady of their  
confusion is  
constant

and it will  
touch  
whoever they  
deal with.

beware of these:  
one of their  
key words is  
"love."

beware those  
who are  
always talking about  
love.

beware those  
who take their  
instructions from some  
Ultimate Being

for they have  
failed to  
formulate upon  
the results  
of the experiment  
of  
living their own  
lives.

don't feel sorry for me  
because I am alone  
in multitudes of  
Humanity

for even  
in the most terrible  
moments  
humor  
seems to arrive  
as my  
companion.

I am a dog walking  
backwards

I am a broken  
banjo

I am a telephone wire  
in  
Toledo, Ohio

I am a man  
pouring a drink  
this night  
in this month  
of September.